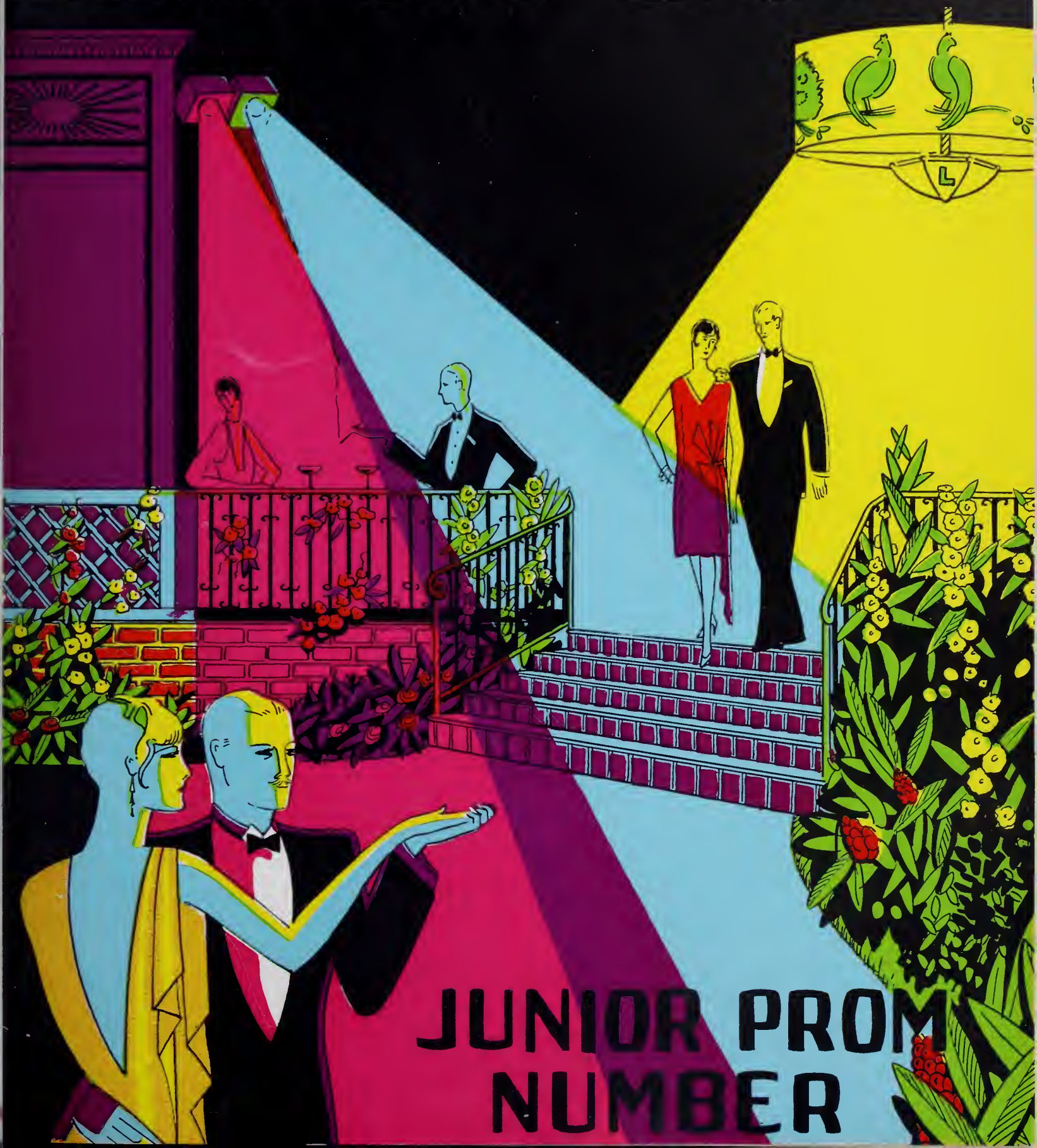




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Little Sister: "Mother says that a stork brings
the babies."Little Brother: "There's nothing to it; Dad
says it was just a lark."—Purple Cow.

THE ARTISTIC TOUCHHamlet: "You have the nicest skin I have ev-
er seen."Ophelia: "I'm so glad you feel that way about
it."—Puppet.**A word about
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She was only a Chem. Prof's
daughter, but she knew her heat
equivalents.—Pup.

NATURE NOTEA flower's a very funny thing:
It gives no milk, it lays no eggs,
It doesn't have a tail to swing,
It has not teeth, it has no legs.
It never knows the day or hour,
It can't be driven, can't be led.
If I wuz gonna be a flower
I'd go and be a bug, instead.

—Wampus.

"Did you ever see a boy with
wonder hands?""Yes, wonder where they are
going next."—Yellow Jacket.Always on the Alert
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NEEDS**for
**UNIVERSITY
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I rarely eat exotic foods;
I take no gastronomic flight.
I know not how ambrosia tastes,
But I have nectar every night.

—Gargoyle.

UTOPIA

A bedbug is a lucky mite:
Sleeps with someone every night.

—Gargoyle.



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The girl from the North asked the little Southerner what sort of tree there was before them.

"That's a fig tree," he replied.

"Oh!" she said, "I thought that the leaves were larger than that."—Mink.

"What's that big hole in the sidewalk?"

"Some skeptic threw his Parker pen out of the 26th story window."—The Cynic.

Shakespeare: "Use the words 'eider down' in a sentence."

Henry VIII: "Eider down, but she got away."
—Purple Cow.

"Gee, mister, I didn't mean it! I was aimin' at her hat, honest."—Yale Record.



Jack: What were you before you
joined the Navy?

Tar: A Life Saver!

Jack: What flavor?

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"Well, your honor, he made me wash his back every Saturday night."

"And do you consider that sufficient grounds for divorce?"

"No, judge, but last Saturday night his back was already clean."—G. W. Ghost.

Mary had a little dress,
It was light and airy;
It never showed a speck of dust,
But—it showed just lots of
Mary.—Green Gander.

"That girl is rather fast."
"What makes you think so?"
"She covered five laps last night."—Lord Jeff.

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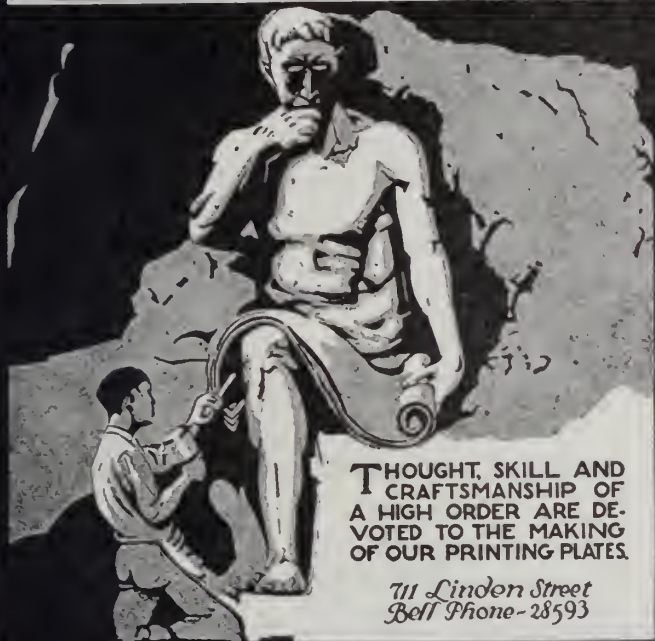
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AESOP'S FABLES

She: "Oh, Henry, see what a nice bracelet I got from Fred!"

Henry: "Yeh."

She: "And the lavalliere from Ed."

Henry: "Mmm."

She: "And the diamond brooch from Paul."

Henry (bored): "Yo."

She: "And the set of Kipling from Harold."

Henry (tired): "I see."

She: "And the desk set from Ted."

Henry (annoyed): "Really."

She: "And look at the nice gold watch I bought for you, Henry!"—Punch Bowl.

Young One: "Pardon me, this must be the wrong berth."

Old Maid (sighing): "How you boys do jump at conclusions."—Reel.



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about tobaccos, the
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THE LEHIGH BURR



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MAY, 1928

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BYE THE WAY

HOUSE PARTY—

A low, sickle moon hangs slightly south-east of the house front and the collection of glowing tail lights at the curb reminds one of star reflections. Cars come and go—little fives trip lightly up the steps, side by side with shining black nines and tens, and yellow taxis honk at the corner.

Pale lights shine through the front door like flies caught in a web of brown and white streamers. Waxed floors glow bronze in the soft light. Chaperones seated on wicker chairs, bored, and showing it. More chaperones, bored, and trying not to show it. Two saxophones hold a little practice session, a piano throbs fitfully, and a banjo twangs. More cars honk at the door, and a girl laughs shrilly. The dance begins.

Stags stand talking among themselves—a white oasis of shirt fronts between glass-silver lapels. They gaze hopefully over the swaying dancers and try to appear nonchalant. Girls—and more girls. Girls with blonde hair—brunettes vivid and passionate—slim girls—girls who are not so slim, but have hopes. “May I cut?”

There is the sh-sh, sh-sh, of dragging feet, and the orchestra pulses with a weird cacaphony of delirious sensuousness. A drum pounds wearily among the palms like an Arab council drum, and the sickle moon climbs cautiously above a whispering elm.

Couples begin to slide wraith-like through French windows to “get some air”. On the porch a thin glow from a cigaret lighter reveals a handsome Grecian nose and a slim profile—then a

pair of carmine lips, and a girl giggles. Men who are blotto and men who wish they were. A couple fades to the curb to climb into a long, low, cream-colored roadster and purr away into the moon-gold haze. A cool June breeze brings odors of flowers, Camels, and Cotys Styx. Somewhere someone finishes a story, and hoarse laughter breaks the half-darkness.

To-morrow there will be headaches and tastes like the other side of a sheepskin coat, and ice-water and cold showers. There will be hazy recollections and blushing cheeks and what-did-I-do-that-for's. But to-night there is moon magic and love, a sickle moon conspicuously prominent above the chimney, and a drum pounds wearily behind the palms. House party.

SUCH DIFFERENCE—

Again our fraternity houses are converted into a maze of colored silks and satins, the sweet aroma of oriental perfumes, the soft trill of soprano voices, and the joviality of a House Party. How different from the usual strictly stag week-end. And how pleasantly different. The change in the dress and manner of the students is remarkable almost beyond belief. Tuxedos have replaced sweaters and knickers, and derbies sit on heads that are used to the aged campus felts.

What dignified expressions are heard in place of the usual terms that make a strictly male college the kind of a place it is.

How strange that brother Wiffle doesn't come back for three extra helpings, and brother Waffle doesn't pile eight pieces of bread on his plate at once. It sure is remarkable what women can do! But what if there were no change at all? Many of the fair guests might be rather amused to see brother Zilch take his usual afternoon snooze, on one of the divans, in his shirt-sleeves. Or to see two of the frères engaged in a friendly wrestling bout in nothing much more than the famous garb known as B. V. D's. What would they think of the affectionate terms by which fraternity brothers are so often called by one another in heated argument? Maybe they could throw some light on a few of the favorite bull session topics? It certainly would be a novel way of entertaining, and incidentally a bit of real college education for the fair guests. Let's try it? Yeh? Likel-likel-likel!

ATTAINMENT—

We have often thought that it would be wonderfully nice to have a girl of our very own, one who would love us ever so truly, ever so exclusively, and everything like that. Recently, for a brief period, we experienced just such a situation (it's a gift). She was beautiful of face and form, if not in mind, and she was ours, absolutely ours, so much so in fact that—well, well we have often thought that all this would be wonderfully nice. It was wonderful, but alas—nice?

HOUSE-PARTIES AS IS



FIRST DAY

SECOND DAY

THIRD DAY

ATE

Tete-a-tete
effeminate
emasculate,
debate
intoxicate
prevaricate,
affectionate
passionate
propagate,
unfortunate
magistrate
congratulate.

The chemistry department has analyzed house-party and found it to consist merely of forty-eight hours spending, worrying, hurrying, drinking, dancing, more drinking, and lots of necking.

The Old Spring Line

"Gee, I like you. Why couldn't I have met you before I made a date for house-party? Perhaps next year, huh?"

Well, Georgie, when I die, just put my ashes in the fireplace with those of the grate. (Tsch, tsch, tsch! There's no getting around these Canadians, is there?) But as I started out to say, here's a good one on the local Fire Eaters; listen, my children, and you shall hear: The brave and bold hot babies were called out to a fire down the street last Tuesday, and it turned out to be a bank: As all the hard-earned Plunks of the People were locked in the vault, the laddies did their bit by carrying out the furniture and what did you order. All of a sudden, along comes the President, boiling up the street, and when he got a glim-ful of what they were doing, he just about passed out. Then he gets hot and yells out, "Never mind that furniture—save the adding machine; that's all that counts!" Both the mother and the daughter are doing well.

Swirling, swaying mass,
Shouts, laughter,
Commotion,
Dazzling music
Thrilling
Intoxicating
Maddening
Dim lights
Slim white forms
Exposed bodies, clutching
Swaying
Reeling
Muffled oaths
Odors of gin
Hot breaths
Dark corners
Shadows
The moon wanes
Dawn
All is ended, but —
A beautiful hangover!

"Have you ever crossed The Bridge at San Luis, Rey?"

As I gaze into your ears, dear,
 And know you cannot hear,
 The thots I'm thinking then.
 My curiosity I satiate,
 In trying hard to estimate,
 Do you ever wash—and when?

—
 This week's prize goes to the
 girl who wants to know who this
 guy Sig McKigh is whose sweet-
 heart everybody is singing about.

DEFINITIONS

Mortician—undertaker
 Realtor—real estate agent
 Student—tramp, bum, drunkard

—
 “And will we share all our
 little troubles when we're mar-
 ried?”

“We'll have a nurse, dear.”



MUZZLE BOUND

Ah, sweet spring.
 The leaves will soon be on the trees.
 The trees will soon hang out their leaves.
 Leaves with trees, trees with leaves.
 But when the leaves leaves the trees,
 The trees are treed of leaves,
 There are trees and no leaves,
 But never leaves leaves with no trees,
 That leaves trees without leaves,
 Meaning spring did leave, also the leaves,
 Or are the trees dead?

—
 Room: “My girl certainly is becoming a gold
 digger.”

Mate: “And why?”

Room: “Oh, now she tells me her favorite song
 is, ‘Oh, Prom-ise Me’.”

—
 1st Gold Dust: “Waffor you is so worried?”

2nd Gold Dust: “I gits a parcel by mail to-day,
 and she says above me name ‘any postmaster may
 cut open for inspection if necessary’.”

“Did you see Jane’s dress last
 night?”

“No.”

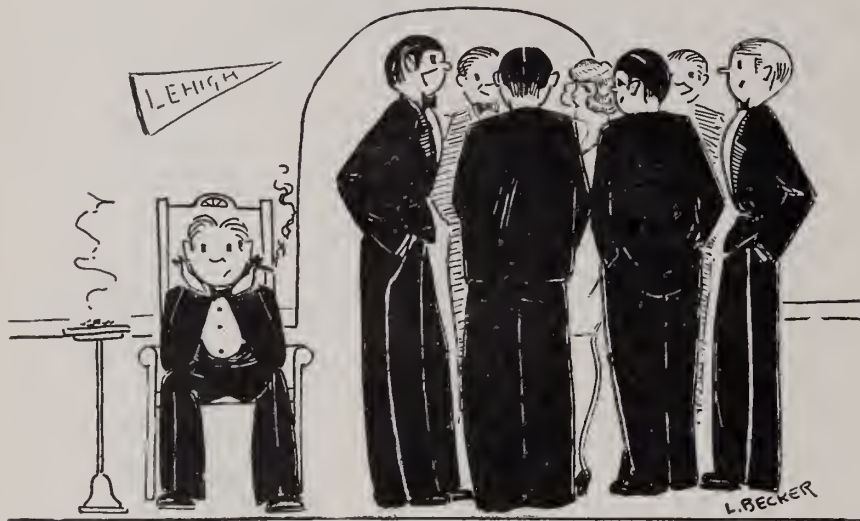
“Neither did I.”

OH, YE EMPTY WALLET!

Oh Ye Empty Wallet!
 Ye would fail me at a time like this,
 When I have dated Mistress Mollet;
 Long have I admired this little miss.
 Oh ye faithless treacherous wallet,
 Oh Ye Empty Wallet!

• • • • •
 Oh Ye Foolish Boy!
 Oft have I been full to overflowing,
 But ye treat me as a mere toy.
 Well, soon homeward ye’ll be going,
 Ye senseless lovesick boy.
 Oh Ye Foolish Boy!

• • • • •
 Ah Yes Old Wallet!
 I will soon have little need for ye,
 Some time I’ll have a gold valet,
 Who will each morning fill thee.
 Oh ye dirty wornout wallet.
 Oh Ye Empty Wallet!



THE FRESHMAN WHO DRAGGED A KNOCKOUT

CONVERSATION BETWEEN A DIVAN AND A BIG ARM CHAIR FOLLOWING HOUSE PARTY

Arm Chair:

What luck there, friend Divan?
Art thou now an also ran?
Or by thine constitution hearty,
Hast thou survived this last House Party?

Divan:

Forsooth, old friend, upholstered chair,
How worn appears thine fine mohair.
Though overworked by youths inane,
Somehow I have survived the strain,
And shall continue with my duty —
To support the weight of many a beauty.
But friend, why lookest thou so pale,
Aged, waning, weak, and frail?

Arm Chair:

House Party days are o'er for me —
I'm not so young as I used to be —
For I've been treated mighty rough,
And my mohair now has lost its fluff.
I was originally made for one —
But scarce this House Party had begun
When I was dragged out under the moon,
That a pair of lovers there might spoon.
Now I've seen lovers spoon before,
But not like these; and what is more,
They started when the night was young,
And didn't stop 'til the morning sun.
During the night it started to rain —
And rheumatism gave me pain —

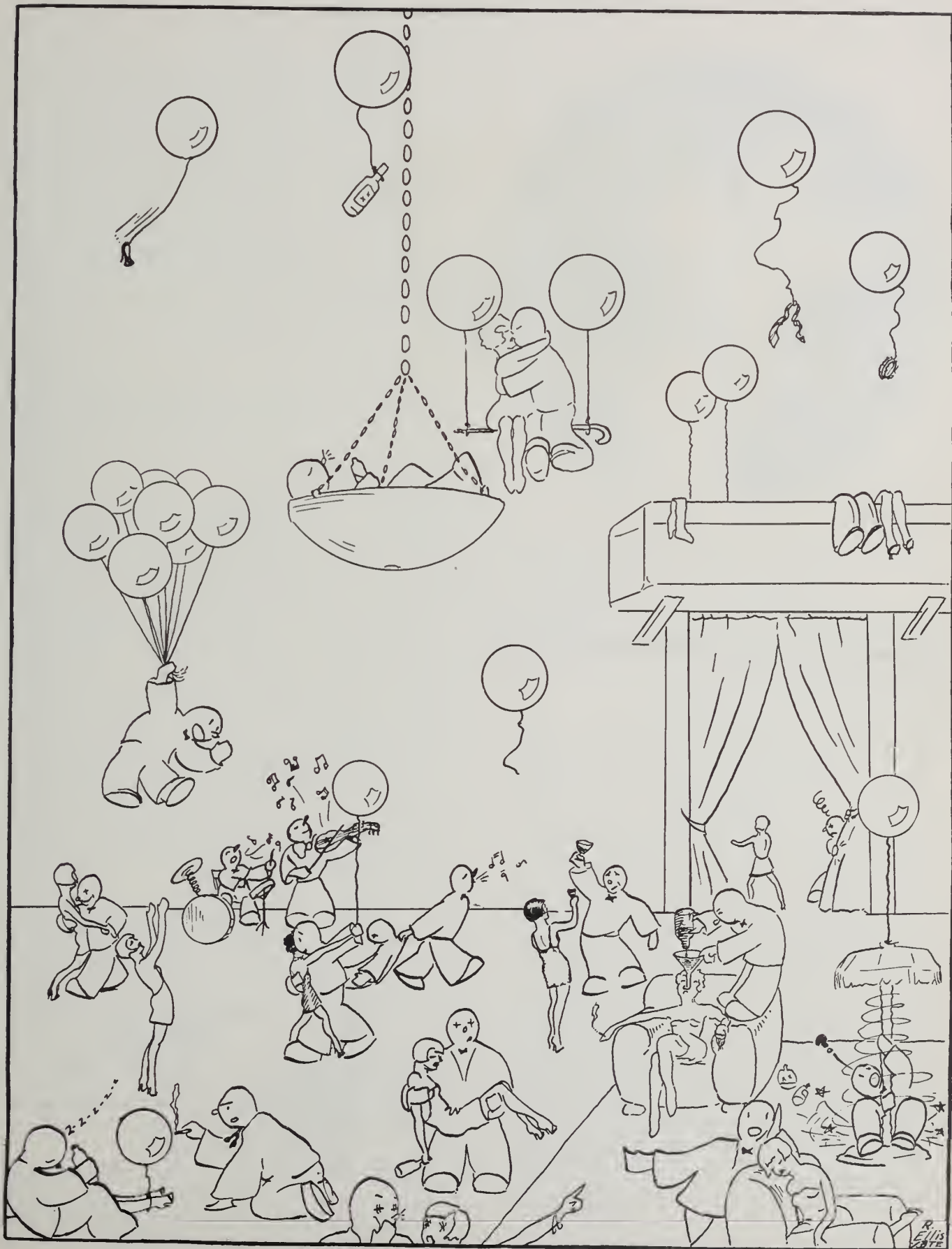
Though soon this rain had turned to snow,
Inside this couple would not go —
The elements they didn't mind —
I've oft' heard say that love is blind.
My springs are broken by their weight,
My lustre gone — Ah! Such a fate!
Tea parties were about my speed,
But to my pleas they would not heed —
House Party days for me are over,
And I'll be cast among the clover.

Frosh: "Here I am! How do you like my William Tell tie?"

Cushing Date: "William Tell tie? What do you mean?"

Frosh: "Oh, you know the kind — pull the bow and hit the old apple."

Another two days mixture of color, noise, and confusion. Trains shrieking, grinding to a stop — silken-clad limbs appearing — maidens daintily alighting — the pick of the land — proud, nervous, faultlessly-dressed men — darting, striving, pushing to places of advantage — straining to catch a glimpse of THE ONE — finally from the conglomeration — success — hurried greetings — hasty exits — recklessly speeding, skidding cars — always hurrying — for no reason — and another house-party — more glorious — more exciting — more daring — than ever before — is noisily under way.



HOUSE-PARTY, A LA COCKTAIL



She: "I'm studying French now."

He: "Yes?"

She: "Sure, let's walk home and 'savoir faire'."

He: "Gee, you do, don't you?"

PROM NITE

It is Prom Nite, and in the ball-room,
Myriad couples are locked in close embrace,
swaying
And gliding rythmically over the floor's glassy
expanse;
While outside, myriad other couples are
In the same close embrace, but immovable.
In the sky, stars twinkle like the gems in a
Royal crown; the moon is like an amulet of gold
On heaven's breast.
My adored one appears, preceded by the exotic
Waves of perfume, gentle and intangible, that
Are characteristic of her. She nears me, stops,
And as I throw out my arms to her,
She, with a murmured "Darling," glides into
welcoming arms.
There is a soulful pause, a sigh, another broken
heart ——
Those arms into which she glided weren't mine!

HALE WM. THOMPSON FOR PRESIDENT being a Concrete Proof of the Insidiousness of the English Language

(Mr. Winch has been to call on Miss Dunch, only to find that she is not home. Concluding remnant of conversation between Mr. Winch and Mrs. Dunch.)

"Well, Mr. Winch, I am very sorry that Mariacorda was not at home. Please call again."

"Thank you, Mrs. Dunch. Will you please give me Mariacorda's regards, — that is, I mean, give her your best, no, I ——"

"I believe I know what you mean, Mr. Winch. You mean ——"

"Please, Mrs. Dunch, let me work myself out of this little predicament. I prefer to stand alone. Now let me see, will you tell Mariacorda that I give you her regards? No, that is wrong again!" (Mr. Winch begins again): "Please give her from me her best —"; (begins to unloosen his collar and necktie. Mrs. Dunch rings for ice water. She starts to talk. Winch again remonstrates): "This is my own difficulty for getting into this fault. Please let me extradicate myself." (He then continues more dully): "I came to call on the daughter, Mariacorda; it is time to go now; please give, — please give your daughter —". (Sinks down into easy chair; begins to weave his fingers thru his hair; has feverish look in his eyes)—"please give my daughter your regards, please, please,— oh, go to Hell."

(With this, Mr. Winch jumps up with an abandoned gesture, and shakes Mrs. Dunch quite viciously. — An hour later, poor Winch is in his cell, murmuring, "Give her my vest, give her my cigars, give the little girl a hand! Ah, that's it! Give the Little Girl a Hand.")

DON'TS FOR HOUSE PARTY GIRLS

Don't say no with your mouth and yes with your eyes.

Don't sit out too many dances with your date's roommate.

Don't try to act so innocent.

Don't sleep too late.

Don't do anything you can't do in a rumble seat.

Don't get caught!!!

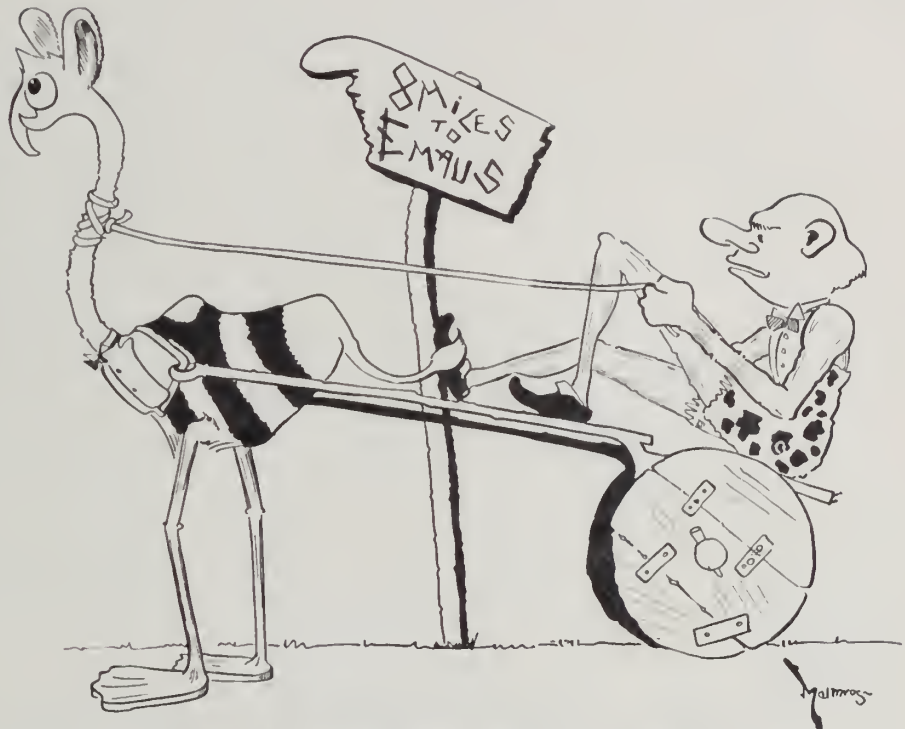
JOE MOPE says: "Ain't it funny that the most interesting thing in the world to a woman is an indifferent man while the least interesting thing to a man is an indifferent woman?" Huh!

The boys were having a little bull session the other nite, and naturally or otherwise the subject turned to women. It was at this time that Boy Friend Jerry made his famous witticism, to wit: "You can say all you want about beauty; but you'll find it's not always the prettiest girl that is best in the end!" Thus endeth the lesson for to-day.

Goo: "This library exasperates me!"

Ga: "Why?"

Goo: "I found the Massachusetts books in South Africa."



"C'MON XENOPHON, WE GOT TWENTY MINUTES TO MAKE THE DANCE IN"

"What ho there, Aristophenes, hast heard about the new Presidential Possibility Silk Stockings?"

"Egad no, Egrarius, and pri-thee, what of them?"

"Forsooth, they do not choose to run."

"My husband's coming," the woman cried,
 "You'd better leave and make it brisk."
 "You bet I will," the lover sighed,
 "I have too fine an * ."

SPRING WISH

The violin wails in a thin high scream,
 Like a soul on its way to Hell.
 And the drum booms out like the pounding surf
 And the spray from the ocean swell.
 The tuba "oomps" in its sad, dead way,
 And the sax's sob and moan,
 The trombone slides in an eerie cough,
 And subsides in a half-dead groan,
 And the little notes fall headlong from the top
 to the bottom of the piano.

I want the violins to wail to-night
 As the moon sails through the trees,
 While the banjo clacks in a rhythmic rune
 Like a skeleton's shivering knees.
 And I want the tuba to oomp its oomps
 And the drum to boom its booms,
 I must have the muted cornet's sigh
 With its echo from the tombs,
 And I want wine, beautiful women, and a
 ringed hand beneath the tablecloth.



THUNDER ON THE LEFT



"Mother was right when she said
all men were brutes —"

Thank Allah! This school is no
Monastery where there are no
House Parties or PRETTY GIRLS or
Anything like that because
I am sure that with
Such temptations out of the
Way living would not
Be worth-while. House Parties
Are nice because all these
LOVELY WOMEN come up to see
Us slaves who work day and
Night just to please the
DEAN.

Joe College (bursting into the room): "Hey!
Didcha hear? The Armory has just been struck
by lightning!"

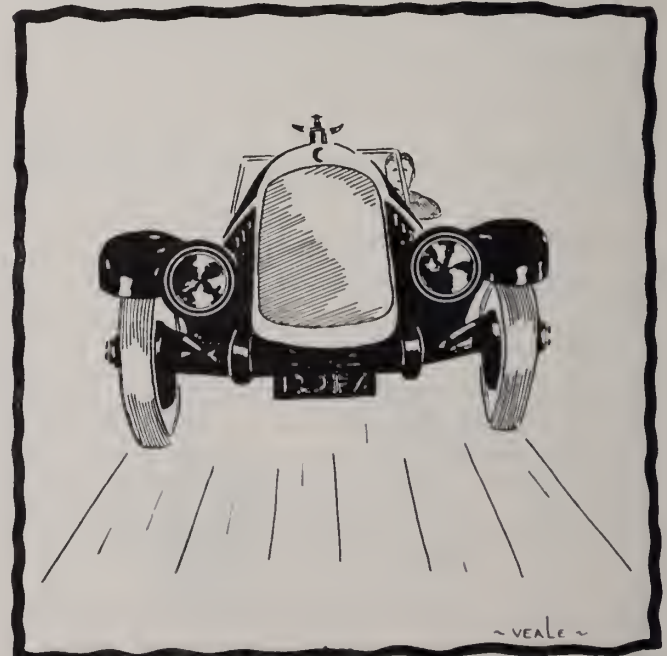
Roommate: "Good God! Good God!"

SUCH POPULARITY MUST BE DESERVED

Oh, little girl, so sweet and nice,
You had my heart within the vice
Of your popularity.
Treated me like a little boy
Who, darn the luck, was but a toy
Of your popularity.
Your invite to H. P. was
Extended simply because
Of your popularity.
With that elusive thing called "it",
There is no doubt you made a hit
With your popularity.
Your success, you know, was supreme,
But later we began to dream
Of your popularity.
You were not asked this year; that's tough,
But all the boys were leery of
Your popularity.

Go: "When is your birthday?"

Gone: "Let's see, I get it mixed up with my
Dad's wedding anniversary, I was born either
three days before he was married or three days
after, I forget which."



CLOSE-UP OF POPULAR MAN
DURING HOUSE-PARTIES

AMBITION

Scene 1

Time, February.

Bro. X: "Well, it won't be long 'til spring, and then house-parties."

Bro. Y: "Yeah, darn it, I know it. Just another interruption. They give me a pain in the neck."

Bro. X: "What d'ya mean a pain in the neck? Aren't you going to take them in?"

Bro. Y: "Like hell. What's the use? You spend a lot of time and money, and what do ya' get? Answer me. What do ya' get? Nothing."

Scene 2

Time, middle of March.

Bro. X: "Gee, this is wonderful weather."

Bro. Y: "Yeah."

Bro. X: "I sure wish I had a date to-night."

Bro. Y: "Shut up, will ya'. I gotta' work."

Bro. X: "Yeah, but wouldn't ya' rather have a date?"

Bro. Y: "Will you shut up?"

Bro. X: "Sure, but I was just thinkin' it's pretty tough 'bout you not havin' a date for house parties 'cause I hear they'll be good this year."

Bro. Y: "If you don't get outa' here, I'll break your neck."

Scene 3

Time, April.

Bro. Y (alone): "Hell, I can't study. This damn weather and these fools always talking about women and house-parties drive me nuts."

Bro. X (entering): "Well, well, look who's here. If it isn't Joe ambition himself. Well, so long, big time next week; hey, hey, shake that thing." (off)

Bro. Y (going to phone): "Branchbrook 3834. —Hello, is Dot there? Hello Dot, are you doin' anything next week-end? Want to come up to house-parties? O. K. I called you up soon as I knew. See you later. Bye."—"Hell, how can a man get any work done?"

Curtain

Small Boy: "Mother, read me the poem about the man who ate the ribbon Christmas eve and got sick."

Mother: "Son, do you mean 'The night before Christmas'?"

Small Boy: "Yes, that's it, it says, 'He ran to the window and threw up the sash'."



A PROMPT HABIT

SSSSSSSSSS

Such smooth seductive Spanish grace;
Serenely sedate she softly swayed.
A sweet saintly celestial face,
Softly subtly against mine was laid.
With slender slippers and silken stockings,
And scant satin skirt swiftly swirling,
From starry evenings to shining mornings,
She was the stunning scintillating sensation,
Like a simmering smoldering seething siren,
Or else, a sporty spritely sinless sylph.
Sizzling salacious satanic stories
Slyly snared one with sinister ease,
As snuggled in sables we scorched the road
In her shining sienna super six.
Sensuously safe, soul satisfying,
My House-Party Dream!

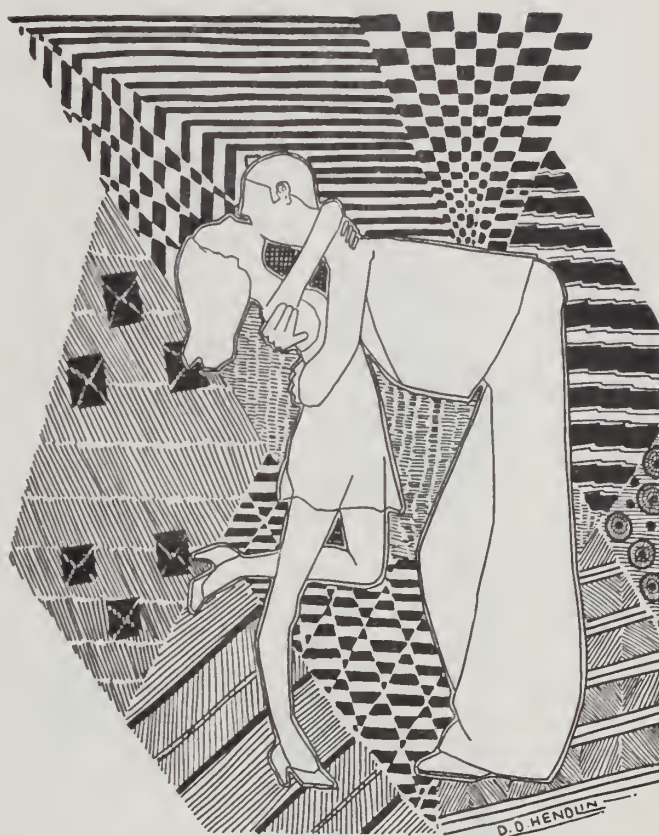
A maid once made some marmalade,
For the boys I'll make it good she sade.
For cherry juice I'll use rum instade,
And the boy friends lade and lade and lade.

Ah me, a luckless college boy.
 House party is over, and
 I've had the grandest time,
 Danced in rhythm to perfect harmony,
 Felt the burning kisses of warm lips,
 Necked to my neck's content,
 Drank much, long, and often,
 Done all that one might wish to do,
 And yet, enow I curse my luck.
 I'd be full well out of debt,
 And \$60 to the good besides,
 If I hadn't been born a boy.

Joe Mope sets back in his easy chair and remarks that the reigning song of ten years ago, "Oh, Promise Me," has changed but slightly, the belles of to-day singing, "Oh, Compromise Me," instead.

FROM A HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

All day Sunday, up and down,
Cars go roaring into town —
Just a stone's throw from my porch
Where the Highway makes a dip
Past they sail with lines clean cut
Like some old-time clipper ship.
Speeding down to cross the bridge
Speeding up to make the grade —
Smart and well-groomed cabriolets
New and shiny Nash coupes
Rattling, nervous Chevrolets
Cars that have seen better days
Bought and paid in many ways
(So the statistician says)
Rattling springs and shrieking brakes
Noises weird like funeral wakes
Horns that whistle; horns that ring;
Horns that howl; and horns that sing;
Horns that moo; and horns that moan;
Bass — soprano — baritone.
Horns that honk and horns that bray
Making noise the livelong day
Roadsters, coaches, and sedans,
Touring cars and moving vans,
Rumble seats and clashing gears
Grating harshly on the ears
Gee — that surely is the life
With the kiddies and the wife
Some day when my ship comes in
I shall join the Sunday din
And go roaring up and down
Back and forth and into town.



She (after he had kissed her): "Now don't tell me I am the first girl you ever kissed."

He: "Alright, but you are the first one that didn't come back for more."

For fancy's sake let us suppose
Our sworn love had been true
'Mid scented bowers in sweet repose
We could have lived, we two;
From moonlit dusk to dewy dawn
In fond embrace, I could have kissed
Your upturned lips; All this is gone.
The fairest share of life we've missed.
And so is dead our cherished bliss,
Our hopes have drifted on the breeze,
From your sweet lips falls only this —
"My alimony, if you please!"

OVERHEARD IN STAG'S COATROOM

'S matter, Tommy, why so peeved? Only a little while ago you told me that Patricia's kisses were like sparkling wine drops! What now?"

(Gloomily) "Ye-ah, she's outside now, mixing her drinks!"



THE PROM-ISCOUOUS QUEEN

"Say, girls are sensitive things, aren't they?"

"Why, what makes you say that?"

"I told a girl to walk home one night, and she picked up the gear lever and hit me with it. Damn queer, these women."

Prof: "We have in this formula $JH = I^2RT$. Jones, please tell the class what you find IRT to be."

Jones (just waking up): "Interborough Rapid Transit Co., I suppose."

JUST ANOTHER FABLE IN SLANG

All right goils and suckers, get hep to this new and novel Sunday School story . . . it seems there was two bozos hoppin the nite rattler to Pittsburgh, and they seen a nice lookin ginch. So the first sap goes up to her and gives her the glad mitt and happy ogle and says to her, "HELlo there, Saccharine Mother, wats YOUR name?" Well, she snaps back, "I'm Lot's wife, so don't get salty wit me, SEE?" Girlyes, you can annoint me with prune jooce if that one gent dint pull the speediest gag in a dog's age! He cracks right back at her with this: "Lady, my name's Balaam—don't be an ass!" George, set up another Coke for the ladies, isn't she?

MY H. P. Q.

A rush and a swirl and the train pulled in.
A scream and a kiss and there was Marilyn,
Quickly up to the house, mid laughter and din,
Introductions, more laughter, a wee bit of gin,
The other girls seemed only fair to middlin'
When compared to my Marilyn.

.

The way classes were cut was surely a sin,
Then the tea dance with its gay maneuverin',
To keep her away from the stags cutting in.
But after it was over, I was quite certain,
The other girls danced only fair to middlin'
When compared to my Marilyn.

.

Next mornin' the pros knew where we'd been.
Then came the Prom, and like a captain,
My girl took the center of all attention.
And I heard from several other men,
That other girls flirted only fair to middlin'
When compared to my Marilyn.

.

I decided at last to lose or win,
But came the final night before she gave in.
And out behind the palms beneath starry heaven
In love's ecstasy my heart came near burstin',
I know other girls love only fair to middlin'
When compared to my Marilyn.

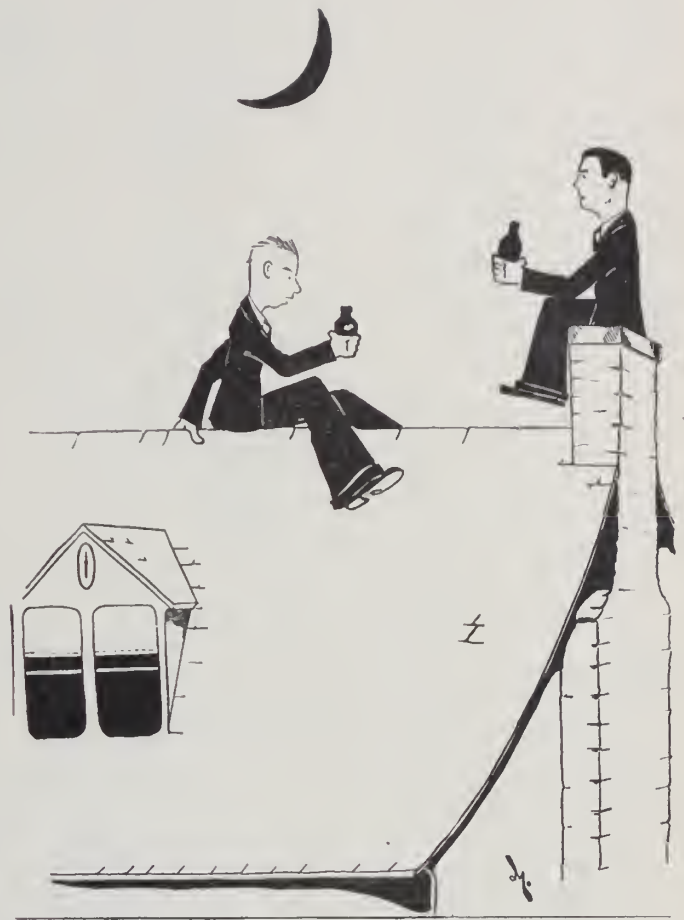
FIGURES DON'T (?) LIE

Before I took her to the Prom,
 I thought that she was sweet,
 With features true and eyes of blue,
 I thought her quite petite.
 No others wore such pretty gowns,
 Or talked and danced with ease,
 No others showed such shapely limbs,
 Or had such perfect knees,
 In fact, before the Junior Prom
 I thought her quite the cheese.

Now since I took her to the Prom,
 I still think that she's sweet,
 Not just because she dated Al,
 Or necked with Ed and Pete,
 When she went riding in Bob's car,
 The brothers said they missed her,
 Each vowed he was the only one,
 She said had ever kissed her,
 In spite of all I think she's sweet,
 H,?*—yes—she's my kid sister.

THE WHY OF IT

Perhaps you heard about the gruesome Flukey murder; but for the benefit of those who haven't, I'll repeat it: Joe Flukey and I were inseparable companions; together we spent thousands of golden hours and silver dollars in the search for good times. Each of us knew all about the other's dates, until the fatal nite This nite he appeared in my room with what he called a dam' funny happening, and spoke thusly: "I was out last nite with a girl named Ethel Paulson, and — by the way, have you ever seen her? She's a rather large girl, nondescript face, ample shape, and like one No-Trump in the first bid, you MUST take her out — anyway, I was out with Ethel and we had a rented Chrysler — phooey, what a piece of junk! I remember once we had one downtown and the whole rear end fell out in the street — to get back to my story, Ethel and I were out in this Chrysler — rented, it was — and we happened to pass a horse—you don't see many of them around any more, do you? That reminds me of a good one I heard the other day "and never again will he take a man's good time and attention that way; something clicked in my head; I saw red, and tore him limb from limb, leaf from leaf, and silenced his bark forever. Then I cast his pieces to the three winds (the north wind wasn't blowing that nite). And in court, the Judge acquitted and commended me!



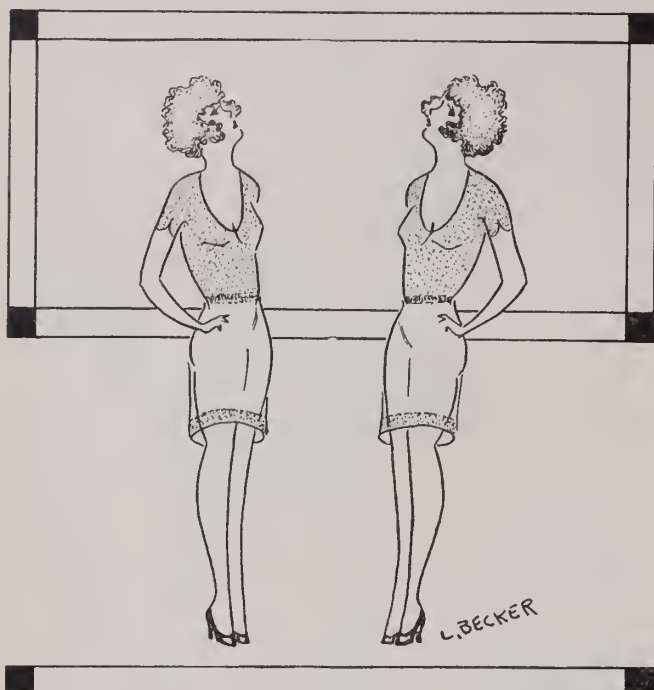
DRINKS ON THE HOUSE

Tonight, dear, six long months have come and gone,
 Each sun-flecked hour happier than the last,
 Six months of happiness and joy and song,
 And now they're past.

Six months have passed. I've learned to love
 your eyes
 And want your kisses soft against my hair,
 I've learned to know the love that never dies,
 Because you care.

I've learned to love your laughter, too, dear heart,
 The music of your voice, your teeth like pearls,
 The unknown charm that places you apart
 From other girls.

Tonight, dear, let us wish that Life may e'er
 Hold for us joys that we have seldom known,
 And with our lips close-locked, breathe the same
 prayer,
 We may love on.



PROPER FORM FOR HOUSE-PARTIES

The Prom Girl rides to town again
To conquer and renew her fame
She trifled with the boys' affections
And was the choice in their selections.

They say the boys this year are wiser
There'll be no one to try entice her
She'll have to strut her stuff quite well
To next year's crop her wares to sell.

There'll be those petty love affairs
That produce many looks of cares
Those worried looks will blow away
As we approach Alumni Day.

For then the Old Grads will be back
And wives and children will not lack
And many stories will be told
Of their wives, Prom Girls of old.

"No, you daresn't, Jack."

"(Faintly) Smack."

"There, take that and consider yourself slapped."

"But my dear, won't you give me some more considerations?"

DAWN OF TO-MORROW

Just for to-night, dear, let us talk of love,
And listen to the wind among the trees.
That breaks to myriad drops and little ripples,
The cascade of the moonbeams and the stars.
Long have we loved and, loving, found that sur-
cease

That makes Life seem a long, unending dream,
Dreams cannot last forever; let us hasten
And take our fill of Love before the Dawn.

To-morrow brings the end of Youths' enjoyment,
A bit of ribboned parchment marks the end
Of four long years of trials and disappointments
And moments when the sun broke thru the clouds.
What will it mean? Staunch friends will part for-
ever.

A handclasp here, a choked "Good-bye," a tear,
A last, long look at ivy-covered towers,
And then the parting ways with memories lined.

Just for to-night, dear, we are all alone,
To-morrow I'll be gone and you'll forget me,
We'll write: but memories soon grow dim and hazy,
And someone else will occupy your heart.
The moon as stately as a saraband,
Marches across the sky; the dawn is near,
Once more I hold you close and touch your lips,
A sigh, a little tear, and then adieu.

Fred: "You have to know your mythology to understand that kind of literature."

Nick: "Yes, you are hopelessly lost unless you know what sort of a man Venus was."

Dear Dad: —

I find it impossible to leave college as the car has two flats and I have nothing to get them fixed.

So sad,

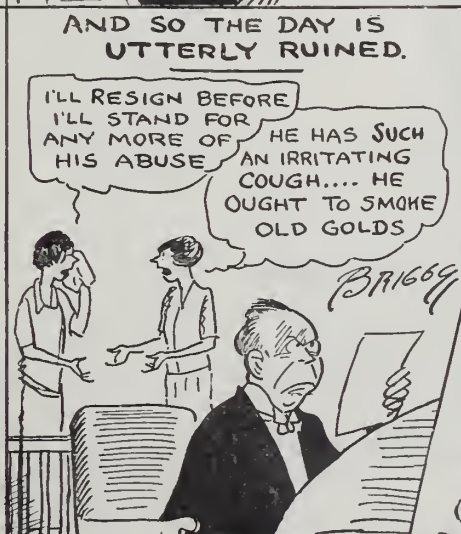
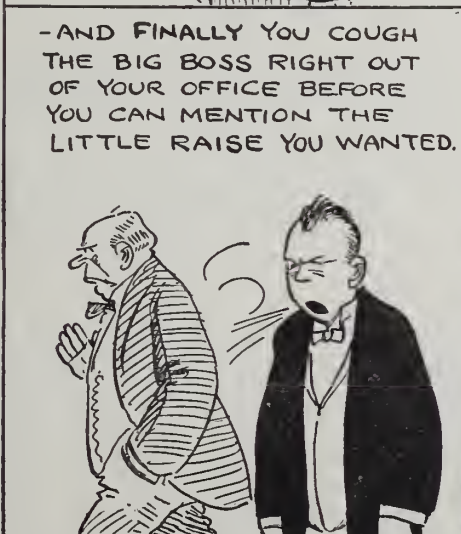
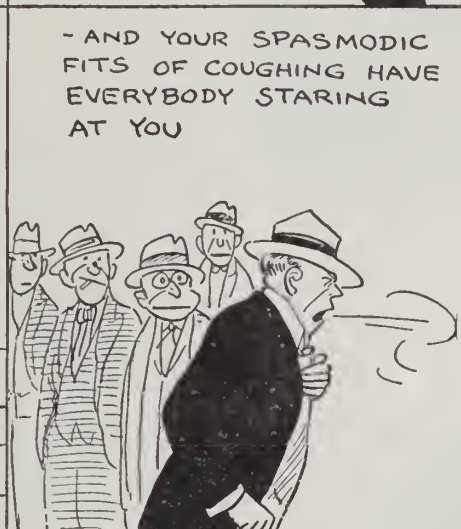
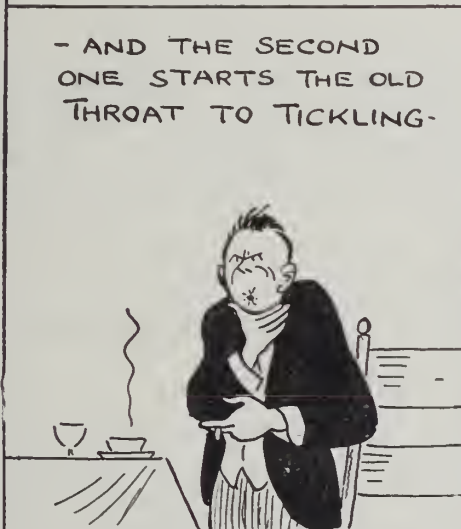
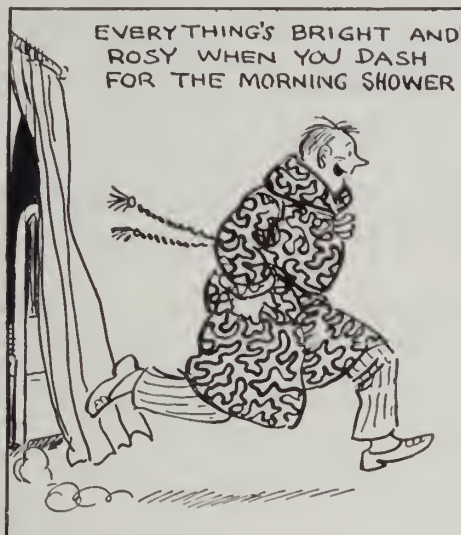
Your little Lad.

Dear Son: —

Will send you a new set of tools on your graduation day—couldn't think of anything finer. Be careful and don't fall off the campus.

Have lots of fun,

Your old Mon.



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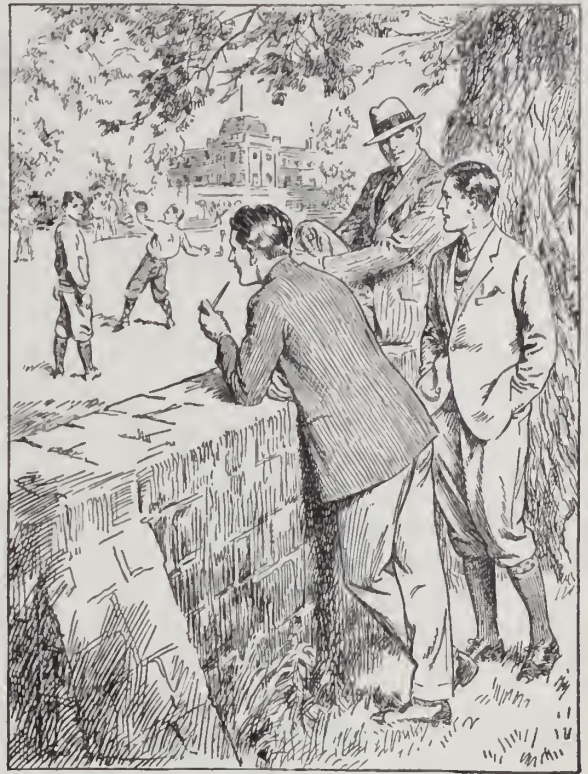
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© BROOKS BROTHERS

He (at West Point): "See that cannon over there? Don't you think that a very poor place for a field piece?"

She: "Yes, especially in the day time."—Pup.

"My boy, think of the future."

"I can't; it's my gal's birthday, and I must think of the present."—Dodo.

The real estate agent was showing a man thru a new bungalow which consisted of one large sitting room and a bed-room—that's all. After looking around for a while, the prospective buyer said, "Can a person live in a two-room house like this all summer?" "Certainly," was the reply. After a few minutes tho't he exclaimed, "How uncanny." (That's all right, folks, there's lots of others that didn't get right off.)—Hulla-Baloo.

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It was on top of a crowded bus in Chicago.

"Low bridge!" shouted the conductor to the passengers. "Everyone keep his seat and face to the front."

A gay little flapper up forward turned around, smiled sweetly, and said, "My dear, you know that can't be done."—Annapolis Log.

I bet her she wouldn't marry me and she called my bet and raised me five.—Mink.

She: "Am I the first girl you have ever kissed?"

Frosh: "Now, that you mention it, you do look familiar."—Yellow Jacket.

"Did they hold you up at the Canadian border?"

"Hold me up? — They had to carry me."—The Humbug.

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"I surely like to take these experienced girls home."

"Why, I'm no experienced girl."

"Naw, and you ain't home yet."—Texas Ranger.

"What are you going to do with that wood alcohol?"

"I'm saving it for my blind brother."—Mugwump.

"That's a terrible looking bunch of legs over there, ain't it?"

"You bet. Not a calf in a carload."—America's Humor.

Many cars are wrecked because the driver refuses to release his clutch.—Siren.

something



—dreadful has happened to Oscar

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"Well," returned Johnny Larimer, "now that I've seen her by daylight, I've been kind of wondering myself."—Exchange.

She: "Oh, Henry, I've got a bug down my back!"

He: "Aw, cut it out. Those jokes were all right before we were married."—Cynic.

She: "Here the first time you stop you want to neck!"

He: "Yes; it's love at first site."—Kitty Kat.

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A: "Powder my back."
B: "How far down?"
A: "To where my evening gown begins."
B: "I thought you said your back."—Chanticleer.

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The drunk leaned over the railing of the bridge and gazed perplexedly at the reflection of the moon on the water. A policeman walked by. "Say, officer," called the inebriate, "is that the moon down there?"

"Of course it is," answered the law.

"Then, how the hell'd I get up here?"—Punch Bowl.

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Pa: "I know a man who hasn't been away from home a single night in thirty years."

Ma: "That's what I call love."

Pa: "Well, the doctor called it paralysis."—Punch Bowl.

A highbrow is a person who can discuss sex and make you think he meant it all in a purely intellectual way.—Masquerader.

Formerly one tried to get the key to a girl's heart, but now one merely wants the combination.—Jester.

"How do you know she's a lady?"

"Oh, 'cause when I necked her she made me take off my hat!"
—Voo Doo.**STEINWAY PIANOS**

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